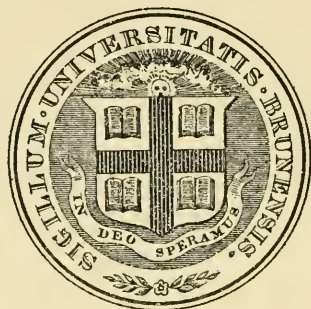


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SEMI CENTENNIAL OF FEDERAL FORESTRY

RHODE ISLAND ARBOR DAY



MAY 14
1926

Rhode Island Education Circulars

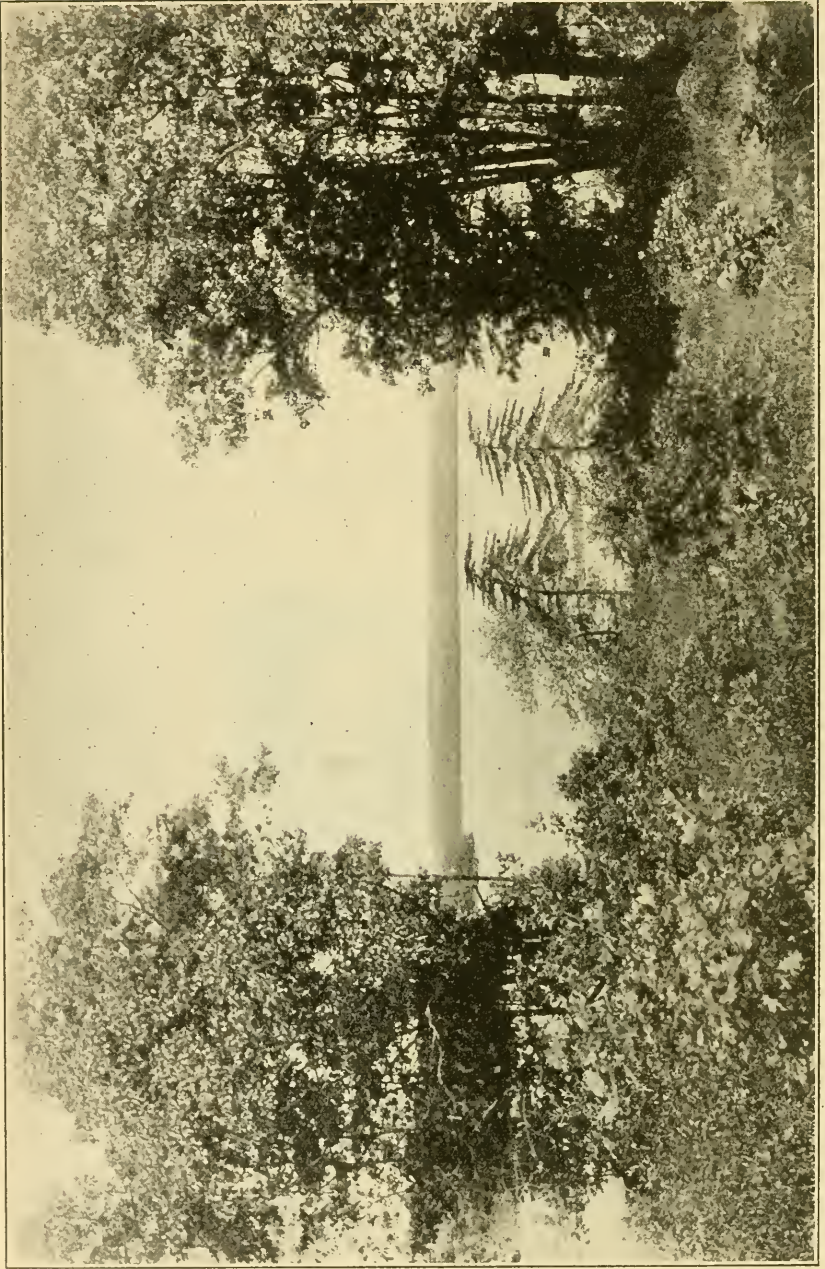
THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL PROGRAM
FOR THE
OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY
IN THE
Public Schools of Rhode Island

MAY 14, 1926

(Edition of 88,000)



THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
PUBLIC EDUCATION SERVICE
RHODE ISLAND



VISTA THROUGH THE OAKS, AT KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY

State of Rhode Island

Public Education Service

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

To the Teachers and Students of Rhode Island Schools:

You keep the annual festival of the trees while all around you is wrought the miracle of springtime. The leafy green of the trees, the upspringing grasses, the young seedlings, the early flowers, all tell us the wonder of earth's new creations. Do they not also hint to you the making of things new in your lives and give you trust in the 'divine goodness that enfolds this new world? Are not these the season's glad tidings of which you sing in one of your Arbor Day songs?

"A message comes across the fields,
Bourne on the balmy air;
For all the little seeking hands,
The flowers are everywhere."

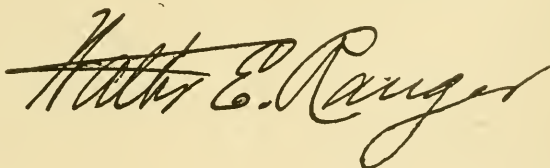
Is not the magic of Spring in your voices as you sing the gay chorus?

"Then sing, happy children,
The bird and bee are here;
The May-time is a gay time,
The blossom-time o' the year."

With the word voicing the blessings of forest and field, comes another message across the lands. "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only." Blessed is he who "companions with trees", but doubly blessed is he "who joins with God in bringing trees to beauty and fruitage" with joy of creation. This is a call to every one to plant a tree; and may not some of you plant many trees now and hereafter? I wonder how many of the thousands who have helped to keep Arbor Day in the schools for the thirty-five years of its observance have learned the importance of forestry and have been "doers of the word?"

The completion of fifty years of forestry by our national government suggests, as a special feature of our program this year, the observance of its semi-centennial. A nation-wide celebration of this occasion has been urgently promoted by the American Tree Association, whose services and publications have contributed interesting information to this year's program. Planting a tree wins certified membership in this tree fellowship and with it useful tree literature, as may be noted in the selections given. Information of tree-planting and reforestation in Rhode Island long ago may be found in past numbers of the Arbor Day annual.

The lessons and service of Arbor Day are for all days. In truth, a special day of observance in the schools is set apart only when the cause it celebrates has become a matter of vital interest all the year around. The good of Arbor Day in the schools today is in the lasting response of our boys and girls to its appeal.



Commissioner of Education.

I need not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and the green listening sod.
Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent.
The hills are mute—yet how they speak of God!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY, 1926			
CHORUS	SCRIPTURE	ARBOR DAY MESSAGE	
SONG	RECITATION	ESSAYS	SONG
BRIEF REPORTS ON PLANTING TREES			
RECITATIONS	SONG	GROUP EXERCISES	
CHORUS	PLANTING EXERCISES		

SPRING TIME

(Air—"Auld Lang Syne")

The winter storms have passed away,
 And springtime now is here,
 With sunshine smiling all around
 And heavens blue and clear.
 The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
 And make her garden gay;
 They give a cheery greeting bright
 On this, the Arbor Day.
 The birds with glad some voices sing,
 Each its melodious lay,
 And music swells each little throat
 On this, the Arbor Day.
 The trees put forth their greenest leaves
 On this, the Arbor Day.
 And welcome now the chosen tree
 Which we shall plant today.

—*Ellen Beauchamp.*

FRAGMENT

Of song, beauty of sea,
 Light of the sun—
 All wondrously spun
 Into a tree. —*Ralph Culnar.*

"These are the things I prize
 And hold of dearest worth:
 Light of the sapphire skies,
 Peace of the silent hills,
 Shelter of forests,
 Comfort of the grass,
 Music of birds,
 Murmur of little rills,
 Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
 And, after showers,
 The smell of flowers
 And of the good brown earth,—
 And best of all, along the way,
 Friendship and mirth."—*Van Dyke.*

TO A CHERRY TREE

Care-free
 Thy branches blow,
 White as the dawn;

Petals drop low,
 Lavishly spent
 On the cool lawn.

"As when upon a tranced summer night
 Those green-robed senators of ancient woods,
 Tall oaks, branch charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."—*John Keats.*

On all his sad and restless moods
 The patient peace of Nature stole;
 The quite of the fields and woods
 Sank deep into his soul.—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SCENE OF SPRING

The winter purgatory wore away; the icy stalactites that hung from the cliffs fell crashing to the earth; the clamor of the wild geese was heard; the bluebirds appeared in the naked woods; the water-willows were covered with their soft caterpillar-like blossoms; the twigs of the swamp-maple were flushed with ruddy bloom; the ash hung out its black tufts; the shad-bush seemed a wreath of snow; the white stars of the bloodroot gleamed among dank, fallen leaves; and in the young grass of the wet meadows, the marsh-marigolds shone like spots of gold.—*Francis Parkman.*

Go from the creatures thy instructions take:
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 The arts of building from the bee receive;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gate.

—*Alexander Pope.*

SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS FOR ARBOR DAY
(The Tree of Life)

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the Paradise of God.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

That they might be called Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good.

(SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF NATIONAL FORESTRY)

Fifty years ago the National Government took the first step in forestry by appointing an agent to inquire into forest conditions. The year 1876 marked the completion of a centenary of American independence and the beginning of the vital public service of American forestry. After a hundred years of unrestrained use of the vast wealth of trees and the destruction of woodlands came the first organized efforts to husband our remaining forests and to conserve our national heritage of trees. Forestry is more than a private or local interest; it has become a great public cause, on whose issue depends in high degree the prosperity of all our people. In this year of 1926, Arbor Day exercises in our schools may well be made commemorative of the semi-centennial of forestry in the United States.

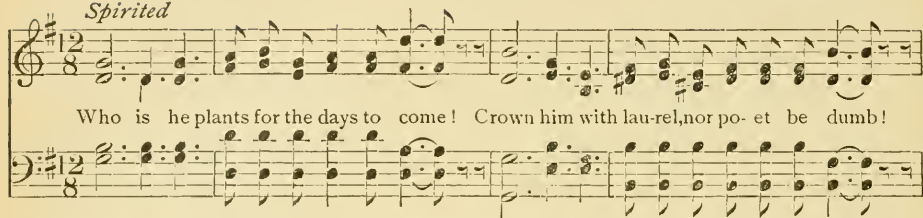
Elsewhere in this program appears a brief review of what has been done in fifty years of forestry, for which as well as for other material we are indebted to the American Tree Association. This Association has been foremost in promoting the protection of trees and the extension of forest resources by nation, state and community. It has issued a call for the planting of semi-centennial trees in 1926 to be registered on the honor roll of the Association. In return, to any one reporting the planting of a tree to the American Tree Association, Washington, D. C., will be sent a certificate of membership without cost.

"To mark the semi-centennial of the first step in forestry by the United States Government," the American Tree Association has published "The Forestry Primer," a copy of which it will send free to any teacher on application. Teachers will find it valuable in information and suggestions for Arbor Day and other use.

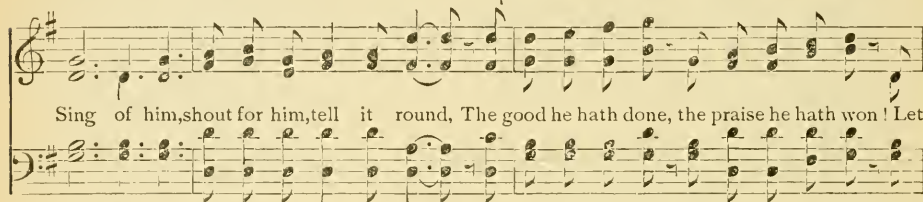
Last evening someone hid the sun,
A golden coin, behind the wood,
While the cedar trees and the tall, tall pines
On tiptoe, eagerly watching, stood.

And then the golden coin was spent
In the busy market of the stars
To buy the flowers of yellow and rose
The dawn now strews from her window bars.—*Rebecca Helman.*

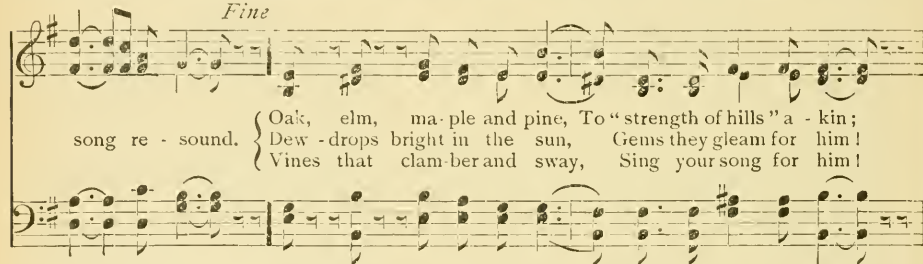
SING GLAD SONGS FOR HIM

C. F. GOUNOD
CLARA MORTON*Spirited*


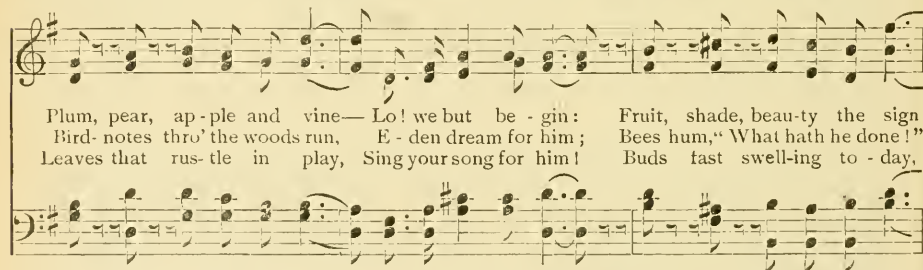
Who is he plants for the days to come! Crown him with lau-rel, nor po-et be dumb!



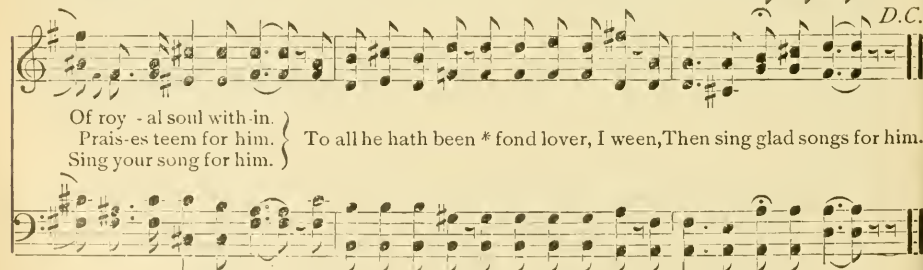
Sing of him, shout for him, tell it round, The good he hath done, the praise he hath won! Let

Fine


song re-sound. { Oak, elm, ma-ple and pine, To "strength of hills" a-kin;
Dew-drops bright in the sun, Gems they gleam for him!
Vines that clam-ber and sway, Sing your song for him!



Plum, pear, ap-ple and vine—Lo! we but be-gin: Fruit, shade, beau-ty the sign
Bird-notes thro' the woods run, E-den dream for him; Bees hum, "What hath he done!"
Leaves that rus-tle in play, Sing your song for him! Buds fast swell-ing to-day,



Of roy-al soul with-in, } To all he hath been * fond lover, I ween, Then sing glad songs for him.
Prais-es teem for him. }
Sing your song for him. }

* Pronounced "bin."

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN FORESTRY

Fifty years ago the first small beginnings whose semi-centennial we commemorate this year laid the corner-stone of accomplishment. Much has been done in that half century since 1876.

Five decades ago there was not a trained forester in the United States. To-day there are more than a score of colleges and universities with well-equipped schools of forestry. From these are graduated annually many men intensively trained in the science of forestry. Many other institutions have courses in the elements of the forestry profession.

A half century ago forestry, reforestation, forest fire prevention and forest research meant little or nothing to the editors of our newspapers and magazines. The timber resources were so vast that it was believed they could never be used up. Today the editors of the country are aroused to the issue. They devote each year thousands of columns of newspaper and magazine space to the great work of public education on forestry.

In 1876 there were no government-owned forests actually set aside for a forest conservation purpose. Today there are millions of acres within our National Forests, protected, cut with a view to the future and standing as at least a small assurance against total depletion. This area is equal to the combined area of all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and New Jersey.

Our states have also considerable areas of public forests, and towns and cities are joining this movement. Today there are thirty-three states with organized forestry departments, supplementing the national work of the United States Forest Service. Some states like Pennsylvania and New York have more than two million acres set aside as state forests. Several of these states have forest taxation laws framed to encourage planting and growing of forests. Many of the states maintain nurseries, making available millions of seedling trees every year for public and private planting. Legislators, awake to the problem at hand, are granting more and more funds for the important work of forest protection and reconstruction.

Private owners of timberland, particularly the lumbermen, have begun to recognize the problem of the future. Some are retaining foresters in order that they may carry on their operations with a view to a permanent yield from their timbered acres. Many are practising forestry on their lands.

We are learning more and more about the facts of the forest. Research is showing how wood can be made to serve much longer by treatment for preservation; how it can be utilized to the best advantage; how disease and insects can be fought.

In truth, then, great strides have been taken. These strides have carried us to the point where we at last know we are on the right road. If we follow it steadily, thoughtfully and courageously it will lead us away from the desert.

—*"The Forestry Primer."*

Here a linden-tree stood, brightening

All adown its silver rind;

For, as some trees draw the lightning,

So this tree, to my mind,

Drew to earth the blessed sunshine, from the sky where it was shrined.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

FORESTRY IN NEW ENGLAND

In New England the paramount problem is one of reforestation. Protection of existing forests is important, particularly in Maine, but a past history marked by prodigal use of timber has left empty spaces to fill. These states have considerable forestry departments, except little Rhode Island. They are active and accomplishing much, enjoying a fair degree of generosity on the part of the legislatures.

Maine recently has confined herself to fire protective work. In New Hampshire the last legislature appropriated \$200,000 toward the purchase of the glorious Franconia Notch in the White Mountains to preserve it from commercial lumbering. The forest-fire laws have been strengthened, the forest-land-tax-exemption law improved, and added appropriations made for blisterrust control and state nursery work. Vermont, one of the states where the forestry structure was temporarily vacant, has rejuvenated its forestry department, authorized creation of state forest reserves, and facilitated the acquisition of National Forests within her borders.

Long in the group of leaders in state forestry work, Massachusetts has a well-defined program requiring little change but adequate annual appropriations. A new forest-fire code failed of approval on account of the economy program in the recent legislature, and the gypsy-moth control funds suffered a severe cut. Rhode Island has recently strengthened her forest-fire laws. Connecticut has done likewise, as well as appropriated money for a state nursery, and is planning to embark on a program of state forest acquisition.

There is one idea that has gained notable ground in New England, and is gaining in other eastern states. That is the town forest idea, putting into use lands fitted only for forest production as local sources of timber supply, recreational areas and wild-fire refuges.—*Charles Lathrop Pack, President American Tree Association, in "Review of Reviews."*

 COMMUNITY AND PRIVATE FORESTS

In some parts of Europe there are towns and small cities that own forests. These forests are on the outskirts of the community and the citizens go to them to picnic and rest. The school children go to them to study the birds, the flowers, the trees and the smaller animals. Near the forests are small mills. These mills are kept busy turning out lumber cut carefully, year after year, from the forest. In the towns are little industries making things used in everyday life, thus employing citizens and making the community prosperous.

Now, the people of these towns own these forests themselves. Each year they bring in an income. This income helps to pay the expenses of running the town, expenses that are usually met by taxing the people. In one small city in Germany the citizens went tax free for many years because the forest paid their taxes for them.

In or near the great majority of American towns and cities are acres of land that once grew forest. Usually there are acres that are not working today. They are waste. But they can go back to work at their old trade. In many cases the town owns some of them, often because their owners failed to pay the taxes on this idle property, sometimes because the town is using part of it for a poor house or other institution. Generally such acres can be bought cheaply.

There is the community's opportunity. It can set this land to work, plant trees upon it, protect it as it grows, use it as a sanctuary for wild life, make it a place to rest and, finally, draw upon it for a supply of wood for the common good and prosperity. In Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, and in a few other states, communities are awakening to this opportunity. Massachusetts now has more than 100 towns that have taken definite action for community forests.

The city of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, is reputed to be the first municipality to establish a true city forest in the United States. This forest has been carefully managed over a period of years. It paid expenses soon after it was established. It now turns in a profit that will grow as the value of the forest growing on it grows.

The town forest is a handy local picture of the value of the forest. It is the property of the members of the community. They own it and protect it. They will be quick to punish those who endanger it with fire. They will actively oppose unwarranted trespass upon it. Thus the citizens of the community come to have the view of all forests. As an example and lesson alone, the value of the community forest is great.

What can be done with the town forest can be done by the individual with his acres of land fitted for forest. The farmer can raise a timber crop on a woodlot, protecting his home against storms and himself against financial distress. The land owner can raise a profitable crop, particularly if he lives in a state where the tax laws encourage such work by placing the main tax burden upon the trees when they are cut instead of taxing them each year.

The acres of forest owned by the community may be few. The plantings of the private forest land owner may not be extensive. The farmer's woodlot may cover only a handful of acres. But many towns, many private land owners and many farmers can build up a tremendous and valuable resource. With such foresight they will relieve the drain upon our remaining forest wealth and enjoy a profit to themselves as well.—*"The Forestry Primer."*

Let the strange frost work sink and crumble.
And let the loosened tree-bough swing,
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noontime,
On this chill pageant, melt and move
The winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,
And to this dead, cold splendor bring
Thy living jewels of the spring!—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

HE WHO KNOWS A GARDEN

He who knows a garden	Clean tang of earth,	Poignancy of winds,
Knows many things;	The sowing;	Color melody,
Ecstasy of night,	Fulfillment of dreams;	The thrilling loveliness
Dawn crimsonings,	Their glowing,	Of a white tree.— <i>Ethel Romig Fuller.</i>

STATE AND TOWN FORESTS

National Forests alone cannot cope with our overwhelming need for leadership and example in forest protection. It is right to expect Uncle Sam to do his part on a large scale, but so long as all forests are not large units and so long as we do not intend or desire that a great impersonal Federal Government should stretch its hands into every nook and cranny of our lives, why cheat ourselves of the pleasure and satisfaction of local accomplishment?

The ownership of forest land by state or town is more closely the ownership of the people. Local conditions best determine whether the state or town plan is more satisfactory, but in either case the argument is the same—the practical working out of fundamental American principles.

The State or Town Forest stands at the threshold of the American home. It is the property of the people, maintained for the people and operated for their common benefit. It is theirs, within their reach, to use, to enjoy and to protect.

It pays its own way, yielding a regularly maturing crop of timber on which, for local consumption, no railroad collects the freight.

It stands as a constant lesson in forest protection and respect for common rights, which may be neither wasted nor abused.

Without conflict, healthful recreation and pleasure may here go hand in hand with common dollar profit.

It is a vital aid in the education of school boys and girls, both as a place to study nature and to play.

It naturally becomes a sanctuary and refuge, not only for humans young and old, but for the birds and all forms of wild life.—*"Town Forests," American Tree Association.*

MAY

Here's May in the world,
With her petals of pink
And her skies just as bright
As a baby's first wink,
And the trees never gowned
In the loveliest green,
And young life where the scars
Of old winter have been!

Here's May once again!
With her orchards in bloom,
Like a bride at the altar
Arrayed for the groom;
There's a wreath in her hair,
And her bridal bouquet
Scatters beauty afar
As she flings it away.

Here's May with her youth,
Just as lovely to see
As when first the world looked
On the green of the tree,
Man runs his brief race,
Then his story is told,
And the grave takes him in,
But May never grows old.

Here's May! The same May
Which thrilled men of the past.
As she was long ago,
She shall be to the last,
And though over the world
Countless ages have rolled,
May has smiled at them all
And never grown old.
—Edgar A. Guest.

"Arbor Day is a festival which should be inspiring because it fixes our minds upon the far future, and which also serves an intensely practical ideal by replenishing our treasury of trees."

AMERICAN TREE ASSOCIATION

Conducted to urge and encourage the planting of trees and the perpetuation of our forests. Membership over 115,000. Any one who plants a tree is entitled to membership. There are no fees for membership. Tree planting bulletins of instruction and information sent free on request. Information about trees and forests sent without charge to any one. Service to aid the public in tree planting and knowledge of our forest needs is the aim of the association. Send for membership applications, tree planting bulletins and other literature. Address, American Tree Association, Washington, D. C.

A STATE FORESTRY PROGRAM

The 1924 forestry crop brought Rhode Island farmers, cord wood jobbers and sawmill men a return of \$398,000. The products were manufactured into lumber, cord wood, railroad ties, fence and telegraph poles.

Rhode Island woodlots are a great factor in the prosperity of its farmers. The crop harvested from woodlots frequently is the deciding factor whether the figures placed in the farm ledger at the end of the year shall be in red ink or under the heading of "profits." It is imperative that these same woodlots continue to return such dividends and the need of a state forestry program to protect the industry is based upon sound business policies.

The first fundamental which a state-wide forestry program should include would be protection for forests from fire, insect pests and fungus diseases. Second of importance in such a program is the maintenance of timber supply through woodlot management, reforestation and equitable taxation. Lastly a forest program should provide for educational demonstrations which would prove the value of good forest practices to Rhode Island woodlot owners.

The State of Rhode Island must depend upon an outside supply from high priced private nurseries today. The program which should be adopted would do away with this uneconomical practice.

Other states provide better fire protection, demonstration forests and extension, to teach proper woodlot management. But Rhode Island with more than 200,000 acres of land unfitted to any other crop than timber is at present neglecting an opportunity to reforest acres upon acres of land where timber is being cut off many times faster than timber grows. No action is being taken at present to replace this growth, and in addition fire takes an annual toll from the timber capital remaining.

Rhode Island farmers are demanding that they be given actual and concrete assistance in production of crops from woodlots along the three fundamental lines of protection, maintenance and education.

The need of a state-wide forestry program is becoming more acute every year. Such a program should be put into operation soon, if this crop shall continue to return annually nearly half a million dollars into the pockets of the people of Rhode Island.

Attention is called to the untold advantages of municipal forest reservations for towns and cities in the state, and especially a state reservation. During the past few years many towns in the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, and elsewhere have established town forests, and it is estimated that as time goes on the returns from these tracts will be of great help in the maintenance of towns where such reservations are located.

Water supplies, like the new Providence reservoir at Scituate, demand protection through the planting of trees, and a state reservation would provide means whereby demonstrations in the interests of forestry could be given.

At present there is no reservation in any town in Rhode Island, and the state has no facilities for conducting work in behalf of this very great subject—forestry—whose problems are growing more serious every year.—*From address of John J. Dunn, Secretary State Board of Agriculture.*

The Beautiful Woods

SARAH C. PADEL FORD.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.

1. O the pleas - ant woods of Spring - time! When ba - by ferns a - wake
 2. O the joy - ous woods of Sum - mer! When un - der man - tles green,
 3. O the peer - less woods of, Au - tumn! When flam - ing are the trees
 4. O the mag - ic woods of Win - ter! When snow - flakes in the air

Their ti - ny fin - gers o - pen - ing, While buds to blos - soms break.
 The for - est trees are gath - er - ing, The sun - light's gold - en sheen.
 In taw - ny sun - light shim - mer - ing, Or flash - ing in the breeze.
 With spot - less robes are cov - er - ing The branch - es brown and bare.

The wal - nut shang their tas - sels out, The wil - lows bend to greet The
 In mos - sy dells, by tink - ling rills The birch - es, robed in white Are
 The ma - ples blush - ing, give their wealth, The chest - nuts show - er down Their
 The spruce and hem - lock, pine and fir, Are wear - ing still their green, And

cro - cus - es and vi - o - lets, Up - spring - ing at their feet.
 guard - ed by the gi - ant oak, Their stead - fast, stal - wart knight
 treas - ures rich, with price - less gems From black oak's gold - en crown.
 thus through - out the chang - ing year, The love - ly woods are 'seen.

VISIT THE KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY ON FIELD DAY

PROF. MARION D. WESTON, Rhode Island College of Education



LUNCH COUNTER

A Sanctuary is a sacred place. In days of old unfortunate people fled to the altar and there found sanctuary. For the time being they were safe—often justly so, for many were innocent. In those turbulent times, when every man was a law unto himself, human life was not the sacred thing we believe it to be today. From out of the stormy past this beautiful word has come down to us rich with meaning. Haughty humans have not held sacred the wild life entrusted to their care. A few far-seeing souls, among whom our beloved Theodore Roosevelt will always stand supreme, have been telling us that we must offer sanctuary to the birds, to the animals, to the trees and to the flowers. If we do not give them havens of refuge there will soon be no precious wild life to conserve.

Nature Lovers of means are responding to the challenge. Two years ago at the death of Walter H. Kimball it became known that 29 acres of land bordering Watchaug Pond in South County had been presented to the Audubon Society of Rhode Island. The property includes a delightfully furnished bungalow, garage and boathouse.

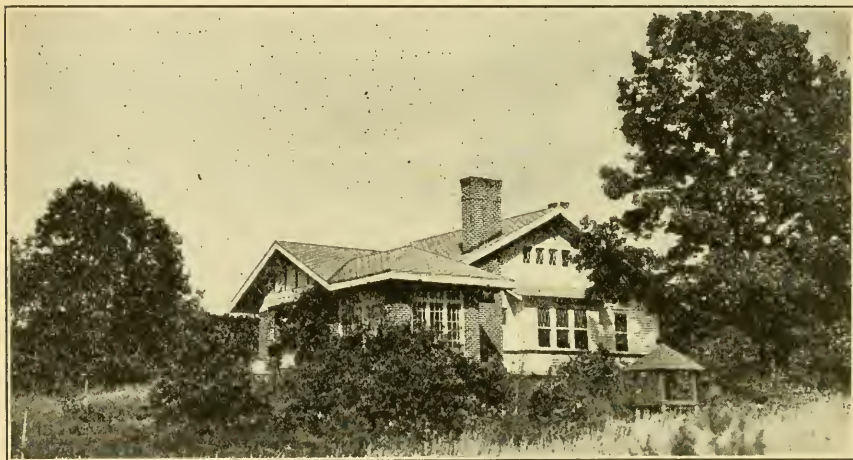
If you were flying from South America to Canada by way of Rhode Island you would be most happy to find a safe resting place and an abundance of attractive food awaiting you. The sanctuary is appreciated to the full by the very guests Mr. Kimball would be most glad to entertain. They may banquet at the stately Audubon food house or feast at the weathervane restaurant. Delicious lunches are always available at the food shelves and lean-tos. No guest will be allowed to go away hungry. Bathing facilities are greatly enjoyed by these cleanly visitors, who may take their dips in an elaborate iron bath or in one of the simpler cement bowls fashioned about a hollow rock.

Many are the transient guests who enjoy the hospitality of the sanctuary as they pause on their long journeys. The gayest, brightest little visitors are the warblers. While a few kinds will remain for the summer, the majority will continue their flight to the north. There is a delightful thrill about these warbler migrants. If you are fortunate enough to be on the sanctuary grounds at the right moment, you may see almost any of the rarer warblers which are seldom recorded for the state.

Many also are the guests who come house hunting in the early spring to spend a fine long season with us. Over 200 young birds enjoyed homes in the sanctuary last year. Tree swallows and wrens are among the most easily satisfied tenants of the boxes which have been erected all over the grounds. Curiously

enough, the most favored homes are those which stand out in the open on the tops of cedar poles. The more natural settings on tree trunks seem to be distrusted. Can it be that the birds feel safer when they have an unobstructed view in all directions? Wild birds even in sanctuaries must continually be on their guard.

Two broods of baby robins grew up in the nest over the sun parlor of the bungalow. The merry little wrens with their bubbling song are constantly flitting about, while graceful tree swallows, gloriously greenish-blue above and spotlessly white beneath, are continually wheeling through the air. It is fascinating to watch the parents as they take turns bringing food to their young.



BUNGALOW AT KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY

Some day this spring when baby tree swallows are growing fast you will enjoy sitting quietly for an hour watching one of these box homes. It is a deal of work to feed the family. Have you ever stopped to think how extremely energetic our wild birds must be in order to accomplish their long migration flights and bring up their families of hungry youngsters—the hungriest babies in the world?

A sanctuary is not alone a place for bird boxes, feeding stations and baths. Trees and shrubbery add vastly to the happiness of many guests. There is a fine old orchard beloved of woodpeckers and bluebirds. The apple crop is of little value, since this particular orchard is for the benefit of the birds and not for human beings. Tree surgery is never practiced. The birds enjoy the holes in the trees and do much to keep the insects in check. The Sanctuary's guests will appreciate the fruits of the many trees and shrubs which are being set out here and there: ash-leaved maples for the evening grosbeaks, pitch pines for the pine warblers and mulberries for the waxwings. Each guest must find the good of his choice hanging temptingly from his individual tree. The possibilities are fascinating. Variety of fruits will do more to lure shy guests than any other method. Some day there will be two stately rows of evergreens leading from the bungalow down the gentle slope to the pond. Birds love to fly along such an avenue. Even entertainment is to be provided for the guests.

Years ago one particular vista was cut away through the tall oaks by the water's edge. Over the level of the underbrush rise several sour gum trees saved

for the picturesque beauty of their drooping lines. About the cellar hole of the old farmhouse a Chinese vine, *Akebia*, is running riot. Set out long ago as a curiosity, the dainty foreign climber found itself in most agreeable surroundings. With its delicately cut leaves and chocolate flowers presenting an exotic picture, it has spread and spread, festooning itself over the locusts.

The Sanctuary is thus already becoming a haven of refuge for plants as well as birds. The Audubon Society hopes to set out many kinds of rare flowers as the years go by. Choice native plants which are disappearing so rapidly from our state should be given a chance to make good in the friendly surroundings of the Sanctuary. Some may need more coaxing than they will be able to receive; others will at once show themselves perfectly satisfied and, like *Akebia*, will form colonies of exquisite beauty. One contented rhododendron proves that companions would make themselves equally at home.

Human visitors are always welcome at this bit of paradise on the shores of Watchaug Pond. The society wishes it were more easily possible for the school children of the state to reach the Sanctuary and explore the trails which have been cut through the underbrush enabling visitors to see all parts of the grounds without disturbing the shy feathered guests. One of these trails leads to a spot favored last year by one of the most beautiful singers in the world, the hermit thrush. Usually one must go to northern New England for the privilege of hearing such a star. A mocking bird has been the most unusual sanctuary guest.

On a Saturday in May, the Audubon Society of Rhode Island will hold their Field Day at the Kimball Bird Sanctuary. This will be one of the best opportunities to discover the little road which leads north from the main highway a mile west of King Tom Farm. The bungalow will be ready for you to enjoy; guides will show you along the trails and explain the inner workings of the place. The hospitality of the shyer birds cannot be guaranteed, but wrens and swallows, towhees and many others will be pleased to entertain you.



LOOKING TOWARD WATCHAUG POND, KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY

A WORD OF WARNING

By Alice Hall Walter

Two of the most admired native growths in Rhode Island are the American Holly (*Ilex opaca*) and the Mountain-laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*). The first, a tree, is found only in certain sections of the state, while the second, a shrub, grows in greatest luxuriance in the South County. Both are coveted for decorative purposes, particularly at the Christmas season.

Far too much thoughtless picking of holly branches with their lovely red berries, as well as of the more delicate pink and white blossoms of the mountain-laurel, has made it necessary to write this word of warning. There is danger that much of this heritage of beauty will be lost if pains are not taken to conserve rather than to destroy it. In a few places laurel is transplanted and grown for commercial distribution, a legitimate use if restricted to the control of owners of the land on which it grows.

The ordinary Rambler, however, whether on foot or in an automobile, should regard these treasures more highly than to break and gather branches and boughs with no further concern than to get the most and the best to carry home.

Belonging also to this group of native trees and shrubs which need especial care for their preservation are the great laurel or rosebay (*Rhododendron maximum*) and the fragile fragrant ground-laurel, more commonly known as trailing arbutus (*Espigæa repens*). The use of laurel for wreaths dates back many centuries to the ancient Greeks, if not earlier, and poets have sung its praises from time almost immemorial.

"Their temples wreath'd with leaves that still renew;
For deathless *laurel* is the victor's due."—*Dryden*.

PUBLIC SAVED THE CEDAR TREE

Public subscription has saved a giant cedar tree which is supposed to have stood on Mount Teneriff in Washington for 2300 years. The growth was threatened by the woodman's axe, but the Washington National Parks Association came to its rescue and saved it as a monument. The tree is 200 feet high, 18½ feet in diameter and 58½ feet in circumference at three feet above the ground. The only accurate way to accurately determine the age of a tree is to cut it down and count the rings which indicate the progress of its growth, but the age of this tree has been arrived at by the examination of the stump of a similar tree of the same size which at one time had grown near it.

There's a stirring underground where the growing things are found.

The bear is stretching in the hollow tree:

Wild geese are flying past, the sap is rising fast,

The baby buds are bursting to be free.

The bluebirds build and sing, a redbird's on the wing,

The wind is sweet with blowing daffodils.

The dandelions gleam, there's laughter in the stream,

And Spring comes dancing down across the hills!

—*Ethel Blair Jordan*.

PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE FOR AMERICAN FOREST WEEK
APRIL 18 TO 24, 1926

In again proclaiming American Forest Week it is fitting that, while giving full weight to the evils resulting from impoverished forests and idle land, I should lay stress upon the outward spread of forestry in industrial practice and land usage. Too long have we as a nation consumed our forest wealth without adequate provision of its wise utilization and renewal. But a gratifying change is taking place in the attitude of our industries, our landowners, and the American people toward our forests.

The wise use of land is one of the main foundations of sound national economy. It is the corner-stone of national thrift. The waste or misuse of natural resources cuts away the groundwork on which national prosperity is built. If we are to flourish, as a people and as individuals, we must neither wastefully hoard nor wastefully exploit, but skillfully employ and renew the resources that nature has entrusted to us. America's forest problem essentially is a problem involving the wise use of land that can and should produce crops of timber.

Flourishing woodlands, however, mean more than timber crops, permanent industries, and an adequate supply of wood. They minister to our need for outdoor recreation; they preserve animal and bird life; they protect and beautify our hillsides and feed our streams; they preserve the inspiring natural environment which has contributed so much to American character.

Although our national progress in forestry has been well begun, much remains to be done through both concerted and individual effort. We must stamp out the forest fires which still annually sweep many wooded areas, destroying timber the nation can ill afford to lose and killing young growth needed to constitute the forests of the future. Forest fires, caused largely by human indifference or carelessness, are the greatest single obstacle to reforestation and effective forest management.

We must encourage and extend methods of timber cutting which perpetuate the forest while harvesting its products. We must plant trees in abundance on idle land where they can profitably be grown. We must examine taxation practices that may form economic barriers to timber culture. We must encourage the extension of forest ownership on the part of municipalities, counties, states, and the Federal Government. And we must take common counsel in public meetings to the end that the forestry problems of each region may be well considered and adequately met.

WINTER-WOOD WISH

Give me the peace of winter woods, when the freezing skies

Draw dimly down through the lofty hooded trees;

There is the tiniest bush draped rare with priceless lace—

There twigs frost-flowered sway in the naked breeze.

Give me the white wood's wisdom, that I may view

The belated fluttering of some stray-falling leaf

That trembles down through the hushed sleep of silence—

So may I look upon a passing grief.

Give me white moments . . . lastly . . . moments that gleam

Like the feathery loveliness of a snow-locked stream.

—*Agnes Choate Wonson.*

MAY.

ANNA M. PRATT.

1. The or - chard is a ro - sy cloud, The oak a ro - sy mist, And
2. A mes - sage comes a - cross the fields, Borne on the balm - y air; For

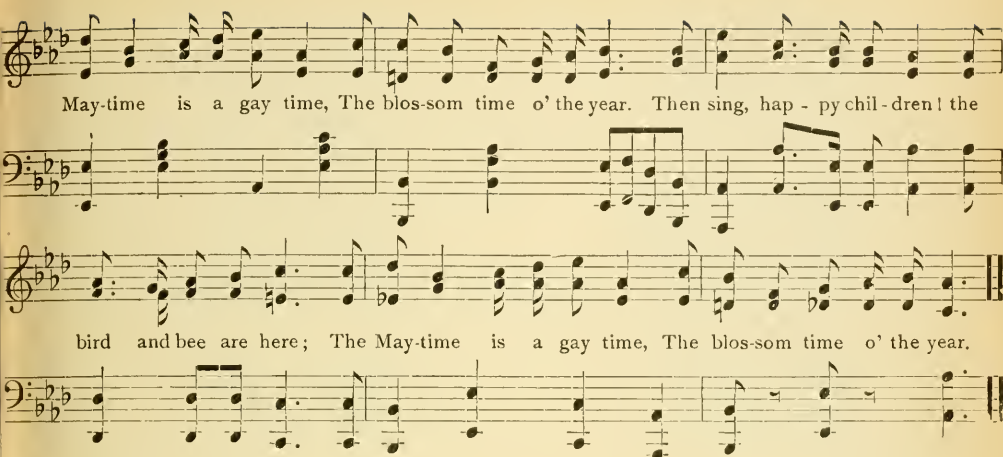
oh, the gold of the but - ter - cup, The morn - ing sun has kissed! There are
all the lit - tle seek - ing hands, The flow'rs are ev - 'ry - where.

twink - ling shad - ows on the grass, Of a my - riad ti - ny leaves, And a
Hark! a mur - m'ring in the hive; List a car - ol sweet; While

twitter - ing loud from the bu - sy crowd, That build be - neath the eaves.
feath - ered throats the thrill - ing notes A thou - sand times re - peat.

CHORUS. Gaily.

Then sing, hap - py chil - dren! The bird and bee are here; The



ARBOR DAY VERSES FOR CHILDREN

APRIL

April's here, with dreams to sell!
With lovely, lilting grace,
She plies her wares in country lane,
In crowded market place.

Rosy dreams and posay dreams,
Who would not buy a few?
When she, with fragrant, silv'ry showers,
Makes dreams of Spring come true!

—Nellie G. McGrath,

In Providence Journal.

HOLLYHOCK LADIES

My Hollyhock ladies,
All in a row,
Dressed up so prettily,
Where do you go?

Bright pansies beckon you,
Smiles on each face—
Is there a ball in some
Green hidden place?

May I go with you and
Join in your play?
I'll be so good if you'll
Show me the way.

—Ruth Harwood.

FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave the names;
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
All trembling it came.
And standing at the Father's feet
And gazing in His face,
It said with meek and gentle mien,
Yet with a quiet grace,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on it,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

—Emily Bruce Roelofson.

THE BRIDES TO BE

When trees are clad in ice and snow,
With glittering blossoms all aglow,
Each in a pale expectant trance,
Like maidens waiting at the dance—

I think they whisper then, confess:
"You ought to see my bridal dress—
All pink and white and soft maroon.
The wedding? Oh, that comes in June!"

—William Wallace Whitelock.

BIRDS

"Darlings," God said to the birds,
"Go now and sing.
For men are weary of winter.
Go and bring
Promise to empty branches."
He set them free,
Winged to carry His praise
Joyously.

They built in meadow and tree,
In barn and croft.
They carried the word of love
Afair, aloft.
They were colored like flowers,
Every wing
Was pointed and balanced and strong.
A marvelous thing.

"Darlings," God said to the birds,
"Go now to another place.
Men cease to wonder at last
At any grace.
Leave for a while and then,
After barren days,
One robin shall make their hearts
Awake to praise."

So all the singing birds
Lifted their wings to go;
They found a path in the blue
High way they know.
Only the chickadee stayed
To sing in the snow.—Louisa Driscoll.

LITTLE DANDELION

Gay little Dandelion
 Lights up the meads,
 Swings on her slender foot,
 Telleth her beads,
 Lists to the robin's note
 Poured from above;
 Wise little Dandelion
 Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
 Clothed but in green,
 Where, in the days ago,
 Bright hues were seen.
 Wild pinks are slumbering;
 Violets delay;
 True little Dandelion
 Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
 Fast falls the snow,
 Bending the daffodil's
 Haughty head low.
 Under that fleecy tent,
 Careless of cold,
 Blithe little Dandelion
 Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
 Groweth more fair,
 Till dies the amber dew
 Out from her hair.
 High rides the thirsty sun,
 Fiercely and high;
 Faint little Dandelion
 Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the angel-breeze
 Call from the cloud!
 Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay!
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

—Helen B. Bostwick.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

Little white Lily
 Sat by a stone,
 Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
 Little white Lily
 Sunshine has fled;
 Little white Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
 Said, "It is good—
 Little white Lily's
 Clothing and food."
 Little white Lily
 Drest like a bride!
 Shining with whiteness,
 And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
 Droopeth with pain,
 Waiting and waiting
 For the wet rain.
 Little white Lily
 Holdeth her cup;
 Rain is fast falling
 And filling it up.

Little white Lily
 Said, "Good again—
 When I am thirsty
 To have fresh rain!
 Now I am stronger;
 Now I am cool;
 Heat cannot burn me,
 My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
 Smells very sweet;
 On her head sunshine,
 Rain at her feet.
 "Thanks to the sunshine!
 Thanks to the rain!
 Little white Lily
 Is happy again!"

—George Macdonald.

THE MOCKING BIRD

He didn't know much music
 When first he came along;
 An' all the birds were wondering
 Why he didn't sing a song.
 They preened their feathers in the sun
 An' sung their sweetest notes;
 An' music just came on the run
 From all their purty throats!
 But still that bird was silent
 In summer and in fall;
 He jest set still and listened
 An' he wouldn't sing at all!
 But one night when them songsters
 Was tired out and still,

An' the wind sighed down the valley
 An' went a creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
 In the dreamin' fields of blue,
 An' the daisy in the darkness
 Felt the fallin' o' the dew—

There came a sound of melody
 No mortal ever heard,
 An' all the birds seemed a singing
 From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went playin'
 In the land too far to call;
 Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
 When one bird could sing for all!

—Frank L. Stanton.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

Buttercups and Daisies,
 Oh! the pretty flowers!
 Coming ere the spring-time
 To tell of sunny hours.
 While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
 Buttercups and Daisies
 Spring up everywhere.

—Mary Howitt.

WINTER JEWELS

A million little diamonds
 Twinkled in the trees,
 And all the little children said,
 "A jewel, if you please!"
 But while they held their hands
 To catch the diamonds gay,
 A million little sunbeams came
 And stole them all away.

THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
 "He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
 And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
 "Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? Don't you see?

Hush! Look! In my tree,
 I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
 And five eggs hid by me in the juniper-tree?
 Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
 Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,
 If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry thrush sings away in the tree,
 To you and to me, to you and to me;
 And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
 "Oh, the world's running over with joy;

But long it won't be,

Don't you know? Don't you see?

Unless we are as good as can be?—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE WINTER RAIN

The rain comes down, it comes without our call,
 Each pattering drop knows well its destined place,
 And soon the fields whereon the blessings fall
 Shall change their frosty look for Spring's sweet face.—*Jones Very.*

THE PRAYER OF THE TREE

(In Eleanor Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine" appears this appeal which the author found posted upon a tree in a park in Seville, Spain.)

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me,
 Hearken ere you harm me!

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter night,
 The friendly shade screening you from the summer sun.

My fruits are refreshing drafts,
 Quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house,
 The board of your table,

The bed on which you lie,
 And the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe,
 The door of your homestead,

The wood of your cradle,
 And the shell of your coffin.

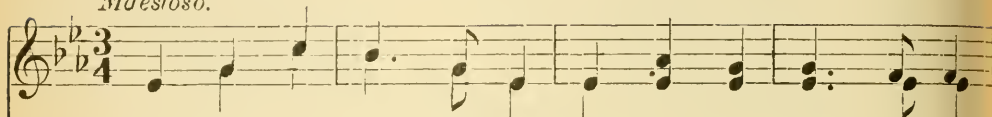
I am the bread of kindness, and the flower of beauty.
 Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: harm me not.

ARBOR DAY SONG.

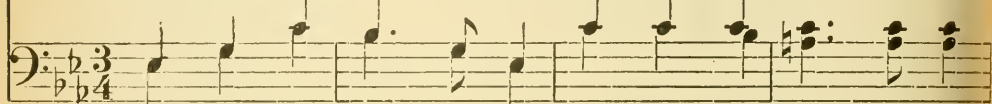
S. F. SMITH.

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER.

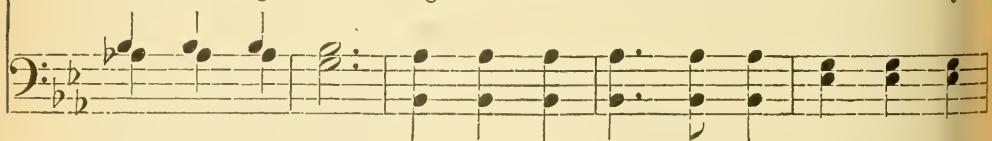
Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Maestoso.

1. Joy for the stur - dy trees! Fanned by each fra - grant breeze,
 2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant where the chil - dren play,
 3. God will his bless - ing send; All things on Him de - pend;



Love - ly they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
 And toil - ers rest; In ev - 'ry ver - dant vale, On ev - 'ry
 His lov - ing care Clings to each leaf and flow'r Like i - vy



tink - ling rill, They crown each swell - ing hill, Low - ly or grand.
 sun - ny swale, Wheth - er to grow or fail,—God know - eth best.
 to its tower; His pres - ence and His power Are ev - 'ry - where.





EVERGREEN PROJECT

MISS LINA F. BATES, Critic Teacher

GRADE III. HENRY BARNARD SCHOOL

MISS ELIZABETH BOUTELLE, Pupil Teacher

The December lessons on Christmas greens culminated in a program illustrating their characteristics. The comparative sizes of cones and shapes of scales were shown in hats fashioned from manila paper; the blue of the red cedar and the scarlet of holly berries appeared in the caps. Large cutouts from manila paper illustrating the foliage made effective decorations for diminutive skirts of white crepe paper.

Announcer: The custom of decorating our homes and places of worship with evergreens on festive occasions dates back to very early times. The early Christians decorated their homes with holly during the celebration of the birth of Christ. The custom of having a Christmas tree originated with the Hindus. In olden times they had a form of tree worship which finally developed into a custom of hanging their presents on trees.

(Enter child dressed as Norway Spruce.)

Announcer: This is the Norway Spruce. It was introduced into America from Europe. It grows here only when cultivated. For that reason it is not used to any extent for Christmas trees in this country. Because of its beautiful cones it is sometimes used in wreaths or sprays.

(Norway Spruce goes to one side. Enter child dressed as Black Spruce.)

Announcer: This is a cousin of the Norway Spruce. It is the Black Spruce. This tree is often used as a Christmas tree in Rhode Island.

(Black Spruce takes place beside Norway Spruce. Enter child dressed as Fir Balsam.)

Announcer: This is the Fir Balsam. Because of its shape and because the needles stay on the branches for a long time after the tree is chopped down, this tree makes the best Christmas tree. We like it because it smells so good.

(Fir Balsam takes place beside Black Spruce. Enter child dressed as Hemlock.)

Announcer: This is Hemlock. It is not a good indoor Christmas tree because its branches sag under a load of presents and decorations and the leaves fall quickly in the warm room. It is used for outdoor decorations.

(Hemlock takes place beside Fir Balsam. Enter child dressed as White Pine.)

Announcer: This is the White Pine. Its long needles and its shape make it a poor Christmas tree. It is used in sprays, however.

(White Pine takes place beside Hemlock. Enter child dressed as Red Cedar.)

Announcer: This is the Red Cedar. Its beautiful blue fruits are sometimes used in the making of Christmas wreaths.

(Red Cedar takes place beside White Pine. Enter child dressed as Creeping Jenny.)

Announcer: Creeping Jenny has an interesting history. More than twenty

million years ago it grew in the form of a giant tree here in Rhode Island. Now it runs along the ground as a vine. Many Christmas wreaths are made of it.

(Creeping Jenny takes place beside Red Cedar. Enter child dressed as Holly.)

Announcer: Without holly Christmas decorations would not be complete. Its bright red berries and green leaves bring cheer at the Christmas season.

Announcer: In making our homes beautiful with Christmas greens we must remember not to pick too many, as very soon all will be gone, and people in the coming years will not have any. Let us be happy with one or two wreaths and let us leave some of the evergreens for others to enjoy.



CHILDREN DRESSED TO REPRESENT EVERGREENS

BEE PROJECT

GRADE II. HENRY BARNARD SCHOOL
MISS EMMA G. PEIRCE, Critic Teacher
MISS ELIZABETH BOUTELLE, Pupil Teacher

The children of the second grade studied the brushes and pollen baskets of the bees under the lens. A committee visited the observation hive at Roger Williams Park.

The hive used in the play was fashioned from heavy card board boxes painted white. Beeswax was melted and poured into molds to make the cakes carried home to the mothers. The cakes were tied with blue and yellow ribbons, the colors of the flowers preferred by bees.

Announcer: We have been studying about the bees. We are going to give a program this afternoon which we have written.

Announcer: (pointing to hive) This is the hive the children built.

Song: *"The Bee Hive"* from *"Finger Plays," Emile Poulsson.*

Here's the bee hive. Where are the bees?
Hidden away where nobody sees.
Soon they'll come creeping out of their hive,
One, two, three, four, five.

(Enter tall girl dressed in brown with gold bands.)

Announcer: This is the queen that lives in the hive that the children built.

Announcer for queen: The work of the queen bee is to lay eggs that the hives may increase.

(Enter five small girls dressed as workers.)

Announcer: These are the bees that work for the queen that lives in the hive that the children built.

Song: "*The Busy Bee*," *Selected*.

The busy bee at work all day
Has never time for play;
But still he hums his happy song,
Forever as he flies along.
Hum m m m m m m.

Announcer for workers: These are the worker bees. They may have many duties. Some of these are: to keep the hives clean, to build the honeycomb, to gather pollen and nectar and store it in the hives and to take entire charge of the baby bees.



WORKERS GETTING NECTAR FROM FLOWERS

Announcer: These are the flowers that the bees visited that work for the queen that lives in the hive that the children built.

(One or two workers flit over to flower. One takes glass of liquid from the flower.)

Song: "*Clovers*," *Nature Songs for Children*, Fannie Snow Knowlton

"The clovers have no time
for play.
They feed the cows and
make the hay,
And trim the lawn and help
the bees
Until the sun sinks through
the trees.

And then they lay aside their
cares
And fold their hands to say
their prayers,
And droop their tired little
heads
And go to sleep in clover
beds.

And when the day dawns
clear and blue,
They wake and wash their
hands in dew,
And as the sun climbs up
the sky,
They hold them up to let
them dry."



DRONES, QUEEN, WORKERS, BEE PROJECT

Announcer: This is the nectar found in the flower that the bees visited that work for the queen that lives in the hive that the children built.

(Child comes forward carrying bottle of honey.)

Announcer: This is the honey made from the nectar found in the flower that

Song: "*The Honeybees'*
Song," *Selected*.

"We are bright little honey-
bees,
Working busily in the trees;
See us fly from flow'r to
flow'r,
Working hard till the eve-
ning hour!

Watch us sipping the blos-
som's sweet,
Bearing flower dust on our
feet,
Buzzing round on our airy
wings,
Doing wonderful fairy
things!"

(Enter girls dressed as clover
blossoms.)

the bees visited that work for the queen that lives in the hive that the children built.

(Enter five boys dressed as drones.)

Announcer: These are the drones that eat the honey that was made from the nectar found in the flowers that the bees visited that worked for the queen that lived in the hive the children built.

Drone Announcer: These are the drones. They do no work in the hive, but play and have a good time. When winter comes their sister bees will kill them, as there is not enough honey for everyone.

Announcer: This is the beeswax where the honey was stored, that the drones ate, that was made from the nectar found in the flowers that the bees visited that worked for the queen that lived in the hive that the children built.

Announcer for beeswax: These are the cakes the children made from the beeswax to keep mother's iron smooth, and her thread in good condition.

Song: "*Honey Bee*," *Selected*.

"Honey bee, Honey bee, funny old fellow,
Where are you tumbling to, all brown and yellow?
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,
Here I go all the fields over,
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz"

WAKING UP

GRADE I. HENRY BARNARD SCHOOL
MISS THERESA BARONE, Critic Teacher
MISS MILDRED ELLIS, Pupil Teacher

The room was divided into groups. Each group, assisted by a practice student, studied the winter condition of some plant or animal. A synopsis of the main features was prepared for presentation before the other groups. Costumes were made and songs and poems reworded or phrased to fit the situation. Finally an Introduction was written and a conclusion arranged. When the playlet was given the children dressed in costume and the speakers were standing in order in an anteroom ready to enter as the parts were announced.

(Chorus, announcer and speakers of poems sitting in a semi-circle on stage.)

Announcer: Introduction. The children of the first grade want you to take a trip with them into the lonely haunts of Mother Nature's children. She has a very large family and so she tucks some of them into bed for the winter while others visit their friends and relatives in the south.

We are going to tell you a little about their habits and where they live.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

Part 1. *Winter* (Chorus stands)

Song: Where, O where is the valley lily?

Safe now in the frozen ground.

(Assistant brings in model of underground stem, 18 inches long.)

Speaker: The leaves of the lily of the valley during the summer work very hard making food for the plant. This food is stored in the underground stem during the fall and winter. The underground stem is ivory white about the length of the little finger. Its thickness is about a quarter of an inch.

Part 2. *Spring*

Chorus: How, O how will it look in April?

Happy all the long days through.

(Child in flower costume comes dancing in from anteroom. Costume of white crepe paper.)

Speaker: The lily of the valley is a white, bell-shaped cultivated flower which blooms in the month of May.

THE BEAR

Part 1. Winter

Chorus: Where, O where is the furry brown bear?

Safe now in its snug warm house.

(Child in bear costume comes crawling in from the anteroom and lies down to sleep. Costume cut from discarded coat.)

Speaker: With the first fall of snow the bear begins his winter sleep in his cave. He is not cold because he has a thick layer of fat under his skin and wears a thick fur coat.

Part 2. Spring

Chorus: What, O what will he do in springtime?

Playing all the long days through.

(Bear wakes up and begins to play.)

Speaker: The bear wakes up in the spring and is very playful. He uses his layer of fat for his food and begins to shed his thick coat.



BEAR AND BEAVER

Part 1. Winter

Chorus: Where, O where is the busy beaver?

Safe now in its snug warm house.

(Child dressed in fur coat comes in.)

Speaker: As soon as it begins to get cold, the beaver builds a dam across a stream. He does this to hold back enough water to partly cover his house. The dam and house are made of trees and water and branches held together by mud. The beaver stores twigs in the water and in his house for food.

Part 2

Chorus: What, O what does he do at night time?

Swimming all the long night through.

DANDELION

Part 1. Winter

Poem: "In the Heart of a Seed (first stanza), by Kate Louise Brown.

"In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep!"

(Child dressed in brown costume comes in and lies down on brown cloth.)

Speaker: The little brown seed comes from the dandelion plant. The dandelion lives in this seed all through the winter, keeping itself warm.

Part 2. Spring

"In the Heart of a Seed"—Kate Louise Brown (second and third stanza).

"Wake!" said the sunshine,	The little plant heard,
"And creep to the light!"	And it rose to see
"Wake!" said the voice,	What the wonderful
Of the raindrops bright.	Outside world might be.

(Child in dandelion costume comes dancing in.)

Speaker: As soon as the winter is over and the warm weather begins, the dandelion is coming up out of the ground. It blossoms in summer and is a lovely golden yellow flower.

TURTLE

Part 1. Winter

Poem: *"The Turtle's Good-bye"*—Selected.

"Good-bye, little children, I'm going away,
In my snug little home all winter to stay.
I seldom get up, once I'm tucked in my bed,
And as it grows colder I cover my head.

I sleep very quietly all winter through,
And really enjoy it; there's nothing to do,
The flies are all gone, so there's nothing to eat,
And I take this time to enjoy a good sleep."

(Child dressed as turtle comes crawling in and goes to sleep.)

Speaker: The turtle cannot get a heavier coat for the winter or a layer of fat under his shell, so he has to bury himself below the frost to keep warm. He digs down into the mud, and when he is settled draws his feet, head, and tail inside his shell and goes to sleep for the winter.

Part 2. Spring

Poem: *"The Turtle's Good-bye"* (verses 3 and 4).

"My bed is a nice little hole in the ground,
Where snug as a bug in the winter I'm found.
You might think long fasting would make me grow thin,
But, no! I stay plump as when I go in.

And now, little children, good-bye, one and all,
Some warm day next spring I shall give you a call;
I'm quite sure to know when to get out of bed,—
When I feel the warm sun shining down on my head."

(Child in turtle costume wakes up and crawls out.)

Speaker: In the early spring the turtle comes out of his den and walks abroad in the sunshine.

SCARLET TANAGER

Part 1. Winter

Chorus: Where, O where is the scarlet tanager?

Safe now in the sunny south.

(Child in greenish winter costume comes dancing out.)

Speaker: The scarlet tanager in winter dresses in dark green and black. This change comes about September when he is getting ready to go to his winter home in the south.

Part 2. Spring

Chorus: How, O how will he look in summer?

Singing all the long days through.

(Child in scarlet and black costume comes dancing out mimicking the tanager's song.)

Speaker: In early May the scarlet tanager comes up north again. This time he wears a very bright coat of scarlet and black.

HORSE CHESTNUT

Part 1. Winter

Chorus: "Pussy Willow" Song (first and second stanza. Found in "Songs and Games for Little Ones"). Page 34.

(All through this song the words "leaf bud" are substituted for pussy willow.)

"Oh, you pussy willow,
Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine
Of the early Spring,

Tell me, tell me, pussy,
For I want to know,
Where it is you come from,
How it is you grow!"



BUTTERFLY, HORSECHESTNUT BUD, AND FLOWER

(Child dressed as horse chestnut bud comes slowly forward.)

Speaker: On all the branches of horse chestnut trees are many buds. On these buds are hard, sticky scales to keep out the rain and snow. Inside these little scales there is cotton to keep them warm.

Part 2. Spring

Chorus: "Pussy Willow" Song (third and fourth stanza).

"Now, my little children,
If you'll look at me
And my little sisters,
I am sure you'll see
Tiny little houses,
Out of which we peep,
When we first are waking
From our winter's sleep.

As the days grow milder,
Out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us
In our little beds;
And when warmer breezes
Of the Springtime blow,
Then we little pussies
All to catkins grow;"

(Child dressed as horse chestnut blossom skips in.)

Speaker: In spring the scales and cotton fall off. The leaves open and the flowers look like candles on the high tree tops.

BUTTERFLY

Part 1. Winter

Chorus: "Roly Poly Caterpillar" Song (first stanza. Found in "Songs of a Little Child's Day"). Page 45.

"Roly Poly caterpillar
Into a corner crept.
Spun around himself a blanket
And for a long time slept."

(Child dressed in brown costume to represent Chrysalis comes forward.)

Speaker: The fuzzy brown caterpillar with yellow and white spots shuts himself up in a hard smooth case and sleeps in this case all winter long. This

case is called a chrysalis. It hangs head downward from a twig or underside of a leaf.

Part 2. Spring

Chorus: "Roly Poly Caterpillar" Song (second stanza).

"Roly Poly caterpillar
Wakening by and by,
Found himself with wings of beauty,—
Changed to a butterfly!"

(Child dressed as butterfly comes dancing in.)

Speaker: When the warm spring arrives, the case that the caterpillar has been sleeping in splits open and out flies a beautifully colored butterfly.

(As a finale the children all appear on the stage. Those in costume arrange themselves in front. All reite together):

"All Things Bright and Beautiful," by Cecil Frances Alexander.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

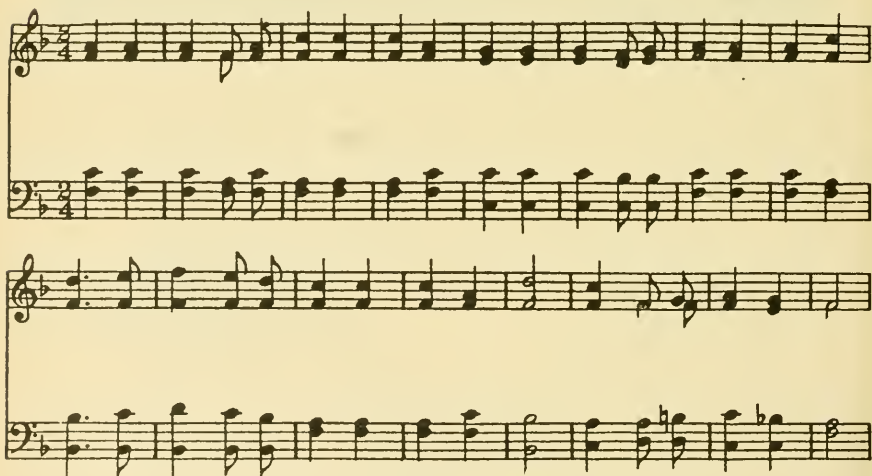
Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them, every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well."

—Curtain—

Music for chorus: "Where, O Where."



A SOUTHERN WHIP-POOR-WILL

Last night it was the whip-poor-will
Amid the palm trees by the lake,
With its old piercing, poignant thrill
That banished sleep and bade us wake;
As underneath some northern hill,
Last night it was the whip-poor-will.

Spirit, or bird, what do you here
Mid the palmettoes and the palms,
Flinging your voice so cool and clear

Across the southern midnight calms?
You are a memory that plays
About the dusk of other days.

A memory sweet as jasmine is:
On wings of dream you waft us where
The hills uplift like harmonies
Athwart the blue ethereal air,
And there you sing, ecstatic still,
Enthralling us, oh whip-poor-will.

—Clinton Scollard.

"A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."—*Joyce Kilmer*

"How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb or tree—"—*Andrew Marvel*.

THE CEDARS

"All down the years the fragrance came,
The mingled fragrance, with a flame,
Of Cedars breathing in the sun,
The Cedar-trees of Lebanon."—*Josephine Preston Peabody*.

THE WOOING

Two cedars, twins,
Danced with the winds,
Who sang them ardent pleas;
The Frost lads came
And wooed the same
Two slender cedar trees.

I knew who had won
When the rising sun,
Dismissing the guard of night,
Paused in the lane
To kiss these twain,
All robed in bridal white.

—*Whitelaw Saunders*.

HERITAGE

Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture?
Storm at my heart till I see them through tears?
Weigh me with wistfulness past all the telling?
Sound the high bugles my errant soul hears?
Is it the magic of other hills calling,
The hills of my fathers, across the long years?
Child of a race that knew stretching horizons,
Far-climbing headlands all misty with rain.
Slopes of soft emerald starred thick with primrose,
Vista and vision: half beauty, half pain—
Here's why the mountains confuse me with rapture:
The green hills of Ireland call me again!—*Marie Blake*.

FLORAL GAME

- (1) Oh tell me the flower that is queen of them all. (Queen of Prairie Rose).
- (2) And the flower dedicated to brides. (Bridal Wreath).
- (3) The flower that stands up so stately and tall. (Lily).
- (4) And one that's a color besides. (Pink).
- (5) The flower that's a parent, loving and fond. (Poppy).
- (6) The flower that's just made to kiss. (Tulips).
- (7) The flower that's a weapon from over beyond. (Spanish Bayonet).
- (8) One worn by a dainty young miss. (Lady Slipper).
- (9) The flower with eyes so snapping and bright. (Snap Dragon).
- (10) The flower that soothes the sad heart. (Heartease).
- (11) The flower that blooms only in night. (Night Blooming Cereus).
- (12) The one that we say when we part. (Forget-me-not).
- (13) The one that Br'er Fox draws on as he walks. (Foxglove).
- (14) The one that the chanticleers use. (Coxcomb).

- (15) The one that on smoking and whisky e'er talks. (Nicotine).
- (16) The one that's the dropping of dews. (Dewdrop).
- (17) The flowers that ring as they wave in the breeze. (Blue Bells).
- (18) The flowers that tell you the time. (Four O'clocks).
- (19) The flowers that bloom on tropical trees. (Monkey Flower).
- (20) And the flower of morning sublime. (Morning Glory).
- (21) The flower that Johnnie can use when he writes. (Jonquil).
- (22) The flower you wear in your hat. (Golden Feather).
- (23) The flower that blossoms on bright moonlight nights. (Moon Flower).
- (24) And the one that's the end of a cat. (Cat-tail).
- (25) The vine you blow on to make a loud noise. (Trumpet Vine).
- (26) And the one that blooms close to the ground. (Virginia Creeper).
- (27) One that's unpleasant when thrown by small boys. (Cucumber Vine).
- (28) And the ones that in sweetness abound. (Honeysuckle).
- (29) The one Joseph's brethren were tending of old. (Phlox).
- (30) And the one that does preach night and day. (Jack-in-Pulpit).
- (31) The one that makes you think of the cold. (Snowdrop).
- (32) And the one that's a dude, blithe and gay. (Sweet William).
- (33) One borne by those disappointed in love. (Mourning Bride).
- (34) One a boon to the bachelor lone. (Bachelor Buttons).
- (35) Some often fall from the heavens above. (Rocket).
- (36) Some like precious metal has shone. (Golden Glow).
- (37) The ones that are now called bachelor girls. (Wall Flowers).
- (38) And what they'd all do if they could. (Marigold). —*Ida G. Corey.*

FORESTRY IN THE SCHOOL PROGRAM

English or Composition Classes—Essays on forestry and fire prevention.
 Drawing and Art Classes—Forest protection and fire prevention posters.
 Arithmetic Classes—Simple problems covering fire destruction, reforestation, etc.

Writing Classes—Fire slogans for penmanship practice.

Civic and Social Problem Classes—Ethics and economics of forest protection, recreational use, sanitation, etc.

Story-Hour Groups—Forest-protection, forest-use, and forest-fire stories.

Debates—Questions on forest issues and policies for debating organizations.

Nature-Study and Botany Classes—Forest growth; reforestation, natural and artificial; burning conditions, etc.—*Arbor Day Manual for Oregon.*

TREE BULLETINS

Department of Agriculture bulletins may be secured from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., without charge, until their supply is exhausted, or for a small fee from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Hall, W. L.—Tree Planting on Rural School Grounds, 1917.

Jackson, F. R.—Forestry in Nature Study, 1911.

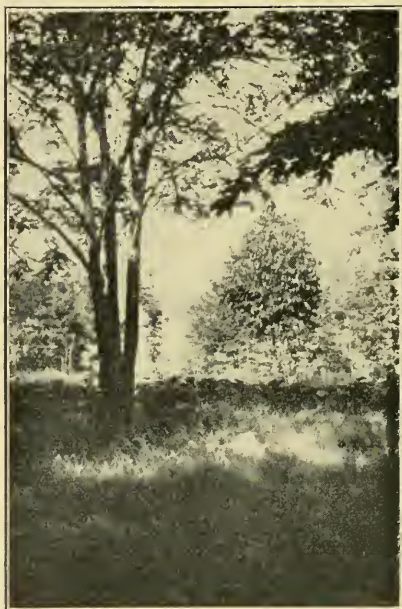
Kotinsky, Jacob—Insects Injurious to Deciduous Shade Trees and Their Control, 1921.

Mulford, F. L.—Beautifying the Farmstead, 1920.

Mulford, F. L.—Planting and Care of Shade Trees, 1921.

Mulford, F. L.—Street Trees, 1920.

Rankin, W. H.—Manual of Tree Diseases, 1918.



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